A POWER COMIC

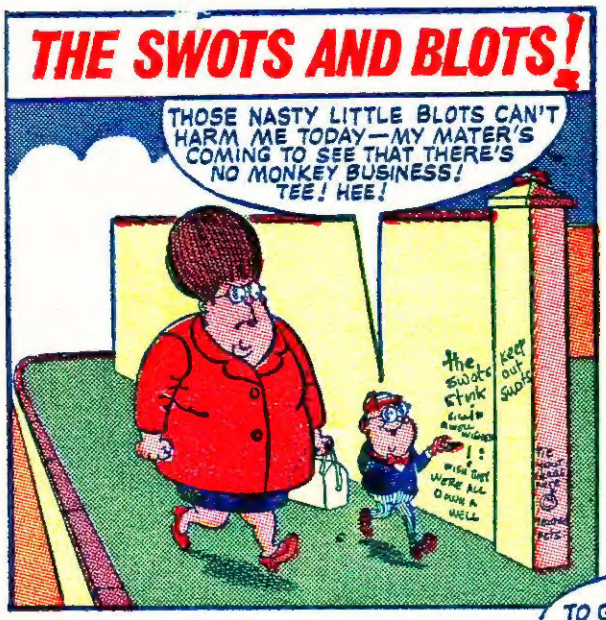
PICK ME UP FOR A POWERFUL PICK-ME-UP!

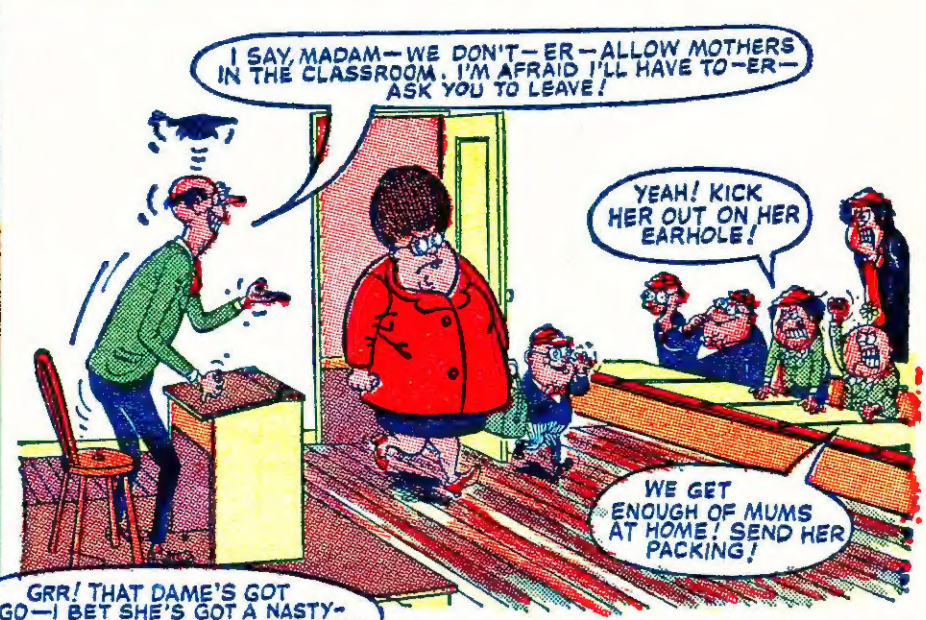
SMASH! AND POW!

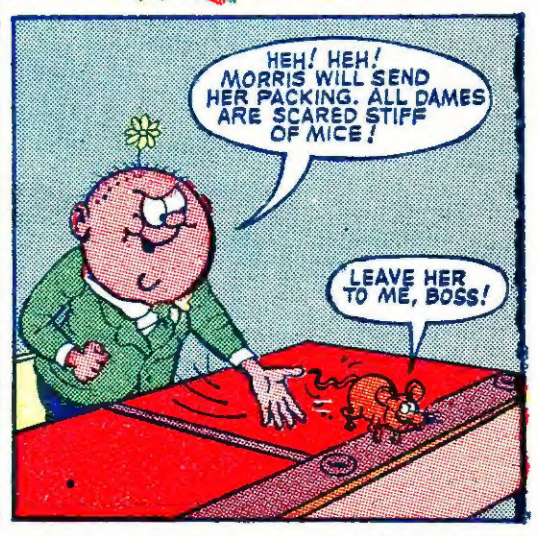
No. 142
19th OCT. 1968
EVERY MONDAY 7d

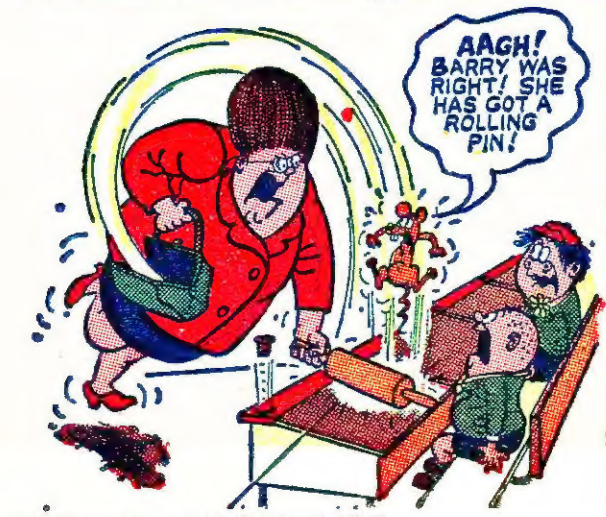
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

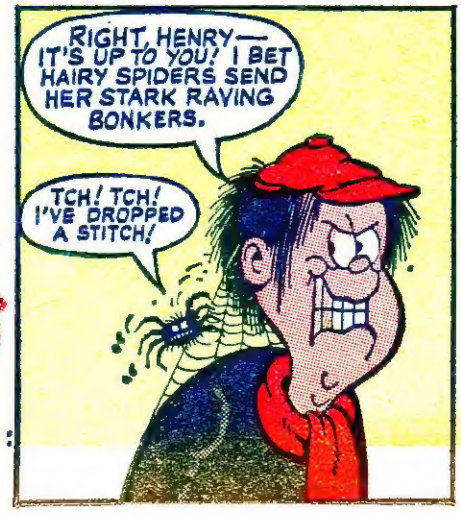
THE SWOTS AND BLOTS!











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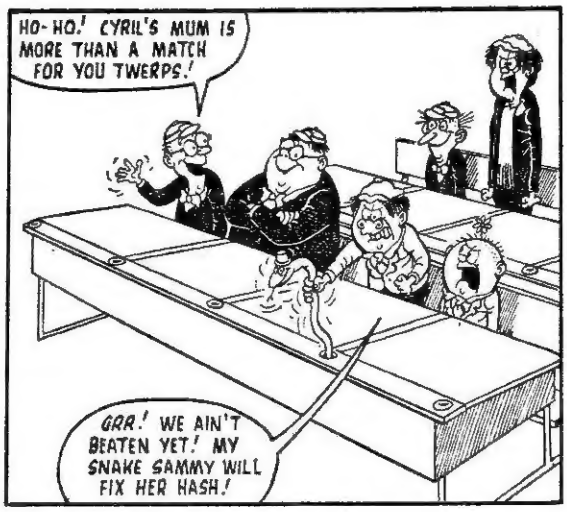

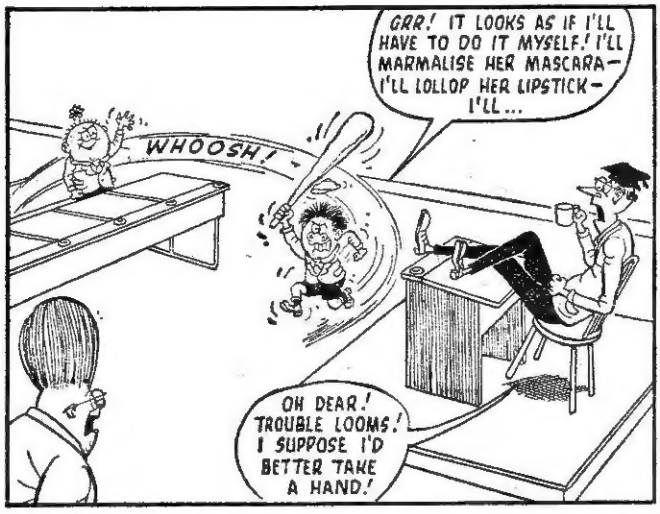

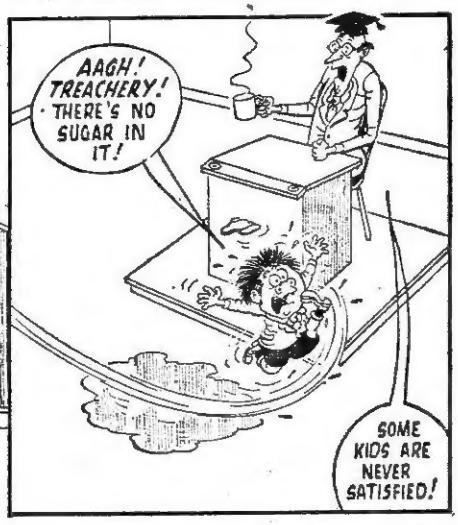

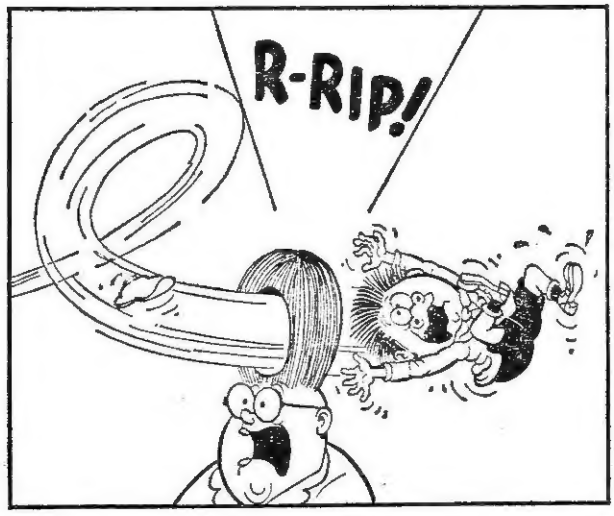

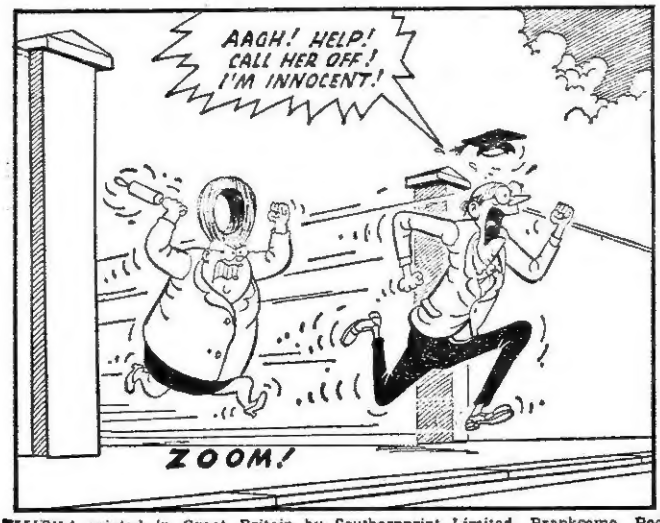

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BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN KINGSLEY IS THE POSSESSOR OF AN ASTOUNDING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN. BRIAN AND HIS FRIEND DUFFY ROLLS HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE MONSTER OF LAKE DREDNOR TRYING IN VAIN TO ESCAPE TO THE SEA. THEN A STRANGE CRY FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR.

LOOK! THE MONSTER IS TURNING. IT'S AS THOUGH IT HAS TO OBEY THAT CRY!

UGH! THAT SOUND SENDS SHUDDERS UP MY SPINE.

THE EERIE SOUND DIES AWAY, AND THE BURLY FIGURE OF JULIUS PILT APPEARS FROM THE BUSHES.

OF COURSE IT OBEYS! WHEN I UTTER THAT CRY IT HAS NO CHOICE OTHER THAN TO CARRY OUT MY COMMANDS.

SEE! IT COMES TO ME! FOR SOME REASON IT STRAYED FROM MY HOUSE—INFLUENCED, I FEEL, BY THAT STRANGE TOY OF YOURS.

BUT WITH THIS ROPE I SHALL MAKE SURE THAT IT DOES NOT STRAY FROM ME AGAIN!

COME HERE!

OBEDIENTLY THE HUGE CREATURE SHUFFLES FORWARD.

AND NOW I'LL MAKE QUITE CERTAIN THAT YOU DON'T ESCAPE FROM ME AGAIN.

LEAVE THE POOR CREATURE ALONE! IT'S DONE YOU NO HARM. ALL IT WANTS—ALL IT'S EVER WANTED—IS TO REACH THE SEA!

BRAIN! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

I WILL TRY, BRIAN.

AN EERIE LIGHT DANCES ROUND THE BRAIN AS IT CONCENTRATES ITS POWERS.

NOTHING'S HAPPENING!

OF COURSE NOT! THE MONSTER IS STILL IN MY POWER. I CAN *FEEL* IT!

BUT THE BRAIN IS NOT ATTEMPTING A MENTAL BATTLE WITH PILT FOR CONTROL OF THE CREATURE. INSTEAD, IT IS CONCENTRATING ITS POWERS UPON THE PINNACLE OF ROCK WHICH REARS BESIDE THE NARROW NECK OF LAND SEPARATING LAKE DREDNOR FROM THE OUTLET TO THE SEA.

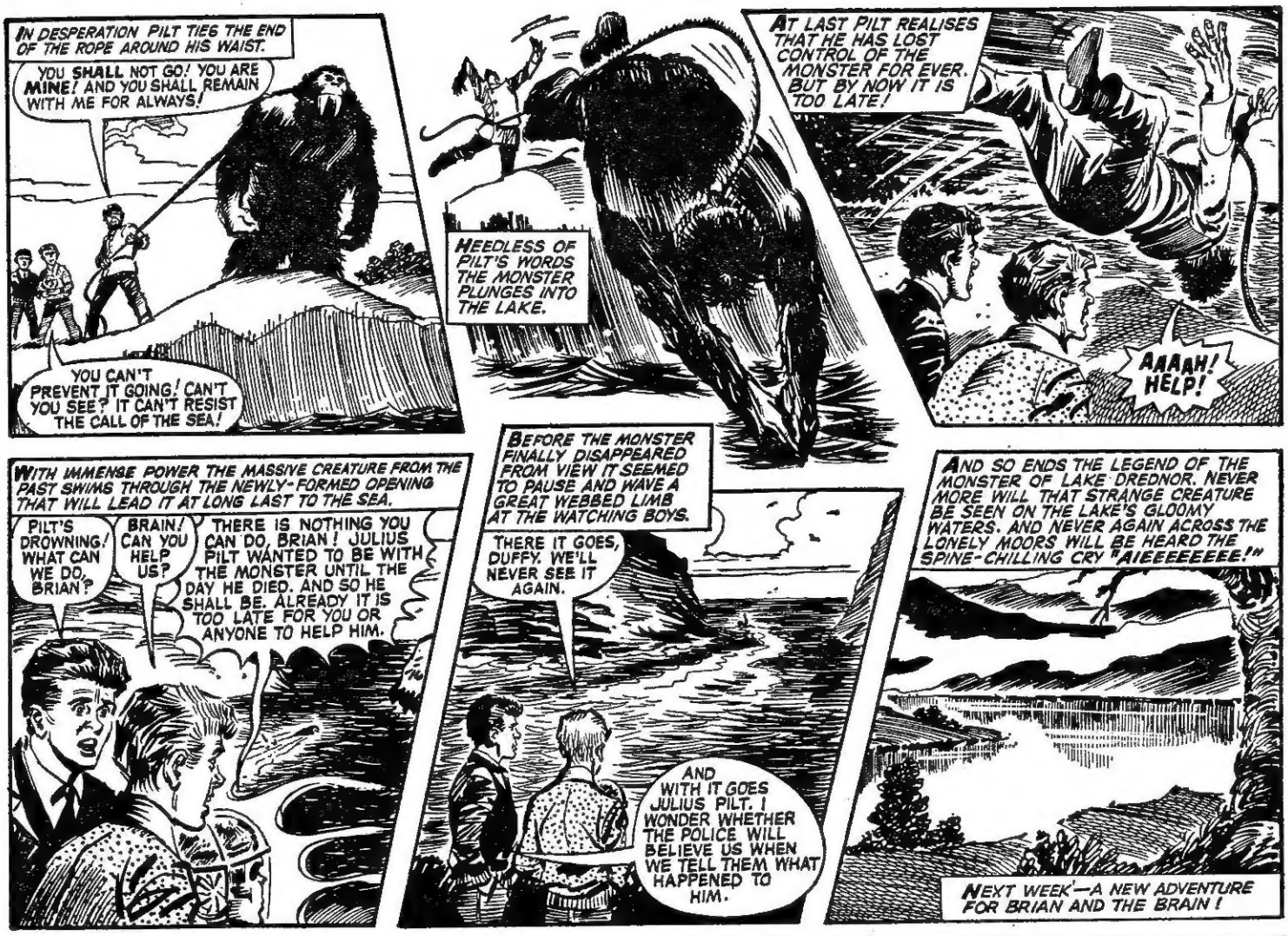
IT'S AN AVALANCHE!

AND THE BARRIER BETWEEN LAKE DREDNOR AND THE SEA-GOING RIVER IS DESTROYED.

AS THOUGH IT SENSES THAT ITS WAY TO THE SEA IS NOW OPEN THE MONSTER TURNS, OBEYING A SUMMONS FAR STRONGER THAN PILT'S CONTROL.

THE BRAIN DID THIS! IT KNEW THAT THE MONSTER WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO RESIST THE CALL OF THE SEA!

COME BACK! COME BACK I SAY! I AM YOUR MASTER!



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

A LOT OF THINGS DON'T MAKE SENSE! . . . and we aren't talking about finally-round-the-bend, nerve-shredded garreteers. We don't mean, either, how it was that OUR WISE OLD FELLER picked on our workaday pad into which to come in out of the rain (and we think we've told you how he's been around here ever since, haven't we?).

No, we mean something like ALL THE WORLD LOVES A BADDIE! Not in real life, we hasten to add! But take comics and straight away folks who'd never lift even an eyebrow in praise of anything that wasn't totally honest . . . go ravin' wild . . . over the VILLAIN, for gosh sake!

That's why we KNOW the AVENGER saga currently running in FANTASTIC should tip the top ten in tale popularity. A more devious bunch of baddies you could not wish to find . . . and masterminded by THE MANDARIN!! Including a first-time-in-power villain called ULTIMO! His vital measurements? Around thirty feet high, with chest, shoulders and muscles to match! Distinguishing features? Blue flesh, with a tendency to project twin bolts of overwhelming force from his eyes. Gender? Strictly ANDROID.

Brother, we kid you not . . . this unlikeable lad is truly BIG stuff! Ask THOR and HAWKEYE whose unenviable task is to clobber same. Do they do it? How? We're TELLING you . . . in FANTASTIC, this week!

AND TALKING OF BIG STUFF! . . . you remember we spoke of the big, big, happy grin CASANOVA COS has been sporting around of late? Remember we also said we were going to find out FOR WHY? Well, we've dug up a little more! We now know it's something to do with an especially outstanding super-hero saga . . . with . . . but no, we won't say any more now. Because you will KNOW ALL (and that's a genuine garret style promise) . . . NEXT WEEK!

AND SPEAKING OF CASANOVA COS (how did he get that name, anyway?) reminds us that the out-and-out popularity of the SHORT STORIES he's running in his coveted comic, decided us to do the same thing in FANTASTIC. And there's a genuine LULU in this week's very issue.

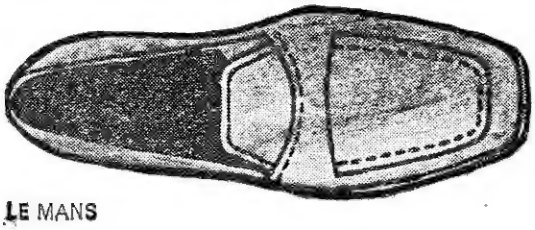
MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER PACK PEOPLE . . .

N. Palmer, Oakham, Rutland; N. M. Dimmock, Ashford, Kent; Gary Simmons, Southgate, London, N.14; Gillian Walsh, Bitterne, Southampton; Gerard Flanagan, Billingham, Tees-side; R. Meek, Hastings, Sussex; Nigel Agg, Grelton Fields, nr. Cheltenham, Glos.; N. Tomas, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire; Gary Harris, Barton, Oxford; R. D. Baldwin, South Norwood, London, S.E.25; Stuart Hinson, Beeston Rylands, Nottingham; Steven John Buttery, Trench, Wellington, Shropshire; Paul Clulow, Halesowen, Worcs; P. Garner, Leeds 8, Yorks.; Paul Helliwell, Sitwell Park, Rotherham; T. Munro, Leeds 9, Yorks.; M. Hales, Gt. Ormesby, Norfolk; Brian James, Clase, Morriston, Swansea; Peter Roper, Glen Parva, Leicester; Gareth Williams, St. Dials, Cumbran, Mon.

Step on it!

MONACO

MONZA



LE MANS

Get some Wards Grand Prix shoes quick! While we're still giving away a spectacular Formula 1 motor racing wall chart *free* with every pair. Everybody's after them so don't be left on the starting grid!

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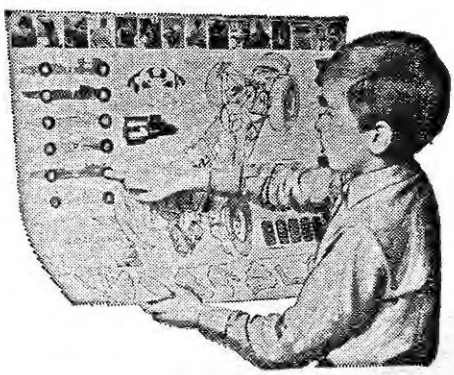
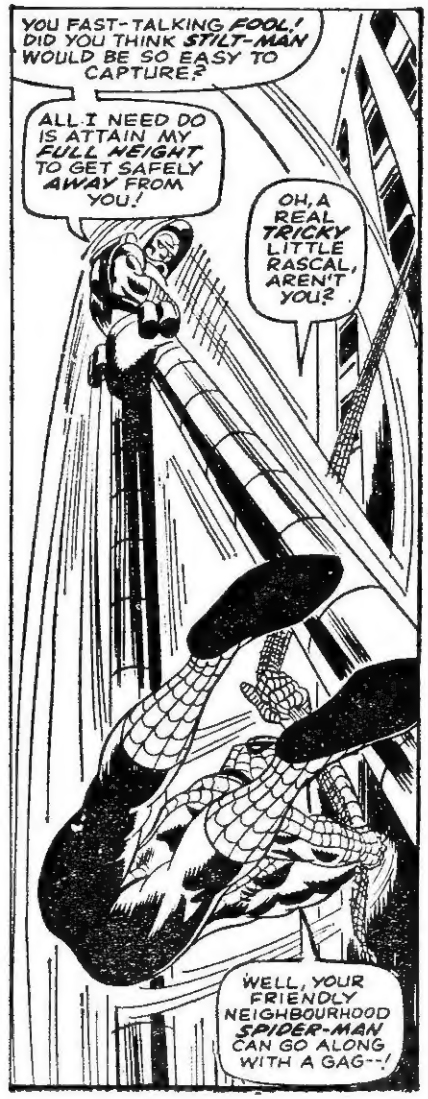
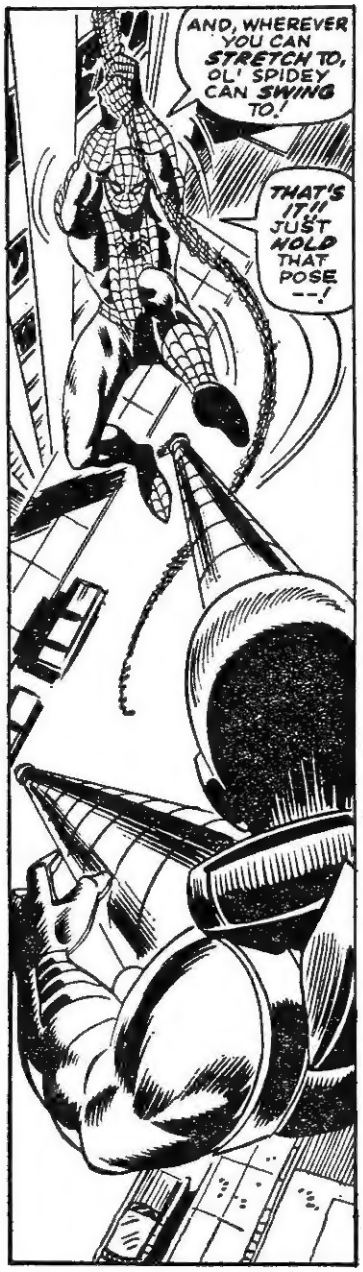


DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! in "MIKE MURDOCK MUST DIE!"

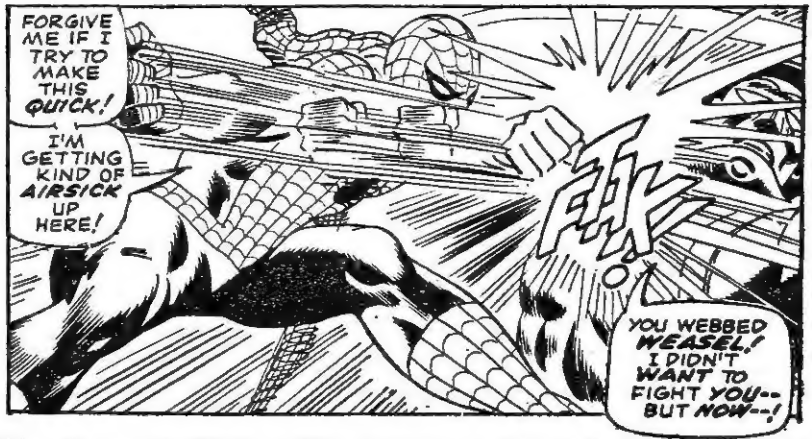
THE MASKED MARAUDER HOLDS MATT, KAREN AND FOGGY PRISONER IN HIS HELICOPTER. TO GAIN TIME, MATT "BETRAYS" HIS IMAGINARY TWIN, MIKE MURDOCK, AS BEING THE REAL DAREDEVIL. NOW THE M.M.'S LEGGY ALLY, STILT-MAN, HAS THE JOB OF **FINDING** MIKE MURDOCK! LET'S TAG ALONG WITH THIS MYSTIFIED MONKEY-ON-A-STICK, SHALL WE...?

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967




AND, WHEREVER YOU CAN STRETCH TO, OL' SPIDEY CAN SWING TO!
THAT'S IT!! JUST HOLD THAT POSE --!

THANKS AWFULLY!
I TRUST YOU'VE NOTICED THAT AT NO TIME DO THE FINGERS LEAVE THE HAND!
SPONK


FORGIVE ME IF I TRY TO MAKE THIS QUICK!
I'M GETTING KIND OF AIRSICK UP HERE!
FAK
YOU WEBBED WEASEL! I DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU-- BUT NOW--!

SORRY, SWEETIE--IT'S "BACK TO THE RANCH"-TIME AGAIN--BECAUSE A NEW DEVELOPMENT HAS JUST OCCURRED--
SINCE YOU'VE TOLD ME WHAT I WISH TO KNOW, YOU'RE OF NO FURTHER USE TO ME!
YOU--YOU CAN'T MEAN--YOU'RE GOING TO--KILL US?
AN UNFORTUNATE CHOICE OF WORDS, MY DEAR!
LET US JUST SAY WE'RE ABOUT TO PART COMPANY--FOREVER!

I'VE NOTICED YOU TRYING TO FREE THE GIRL'S HANDS, MURDOCK! A MOST NOBLE GESTURE!
A PITY IT WILL DO NEITHER OF YOU ANY GOOD!
OH, MATT!! IF ONLY YOU HADN'T TOLD HIM WHAT HE ASKED!

SINCE YOU WERE KIND ENOUGH TO BETRAY YOUR BROTHER TO ME, MURDOCK --I'LL RETURN THE FAVOUR!
YOU MAY BE THE FIRST TO GO!
GO? GO WHERE? HOW--??
YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED?

YOU'RE GOING FOR A BREATH OF AIR--
RIGHT THROUGH THE EXIT DOOR!
NO! YOU CAN'T!
IT'S WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR! NOW--IF ONLY NOTHING HAPPENS TO PREVENT IT!
IT'S COLD-BLOODED MURDER! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! YOU'RE MAD! MAD!
WHEN DAREDEVIL LEARNS OF THIS--YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE! HE'LL FIND YOU--HE'LL MAKE YOU PAY--!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE! IT CAN'T REALLY BE HAPPENING!
IT'S HAPPENING, ALL RIGHT! THE MASKED MARAUDER NEVER GOES BACK ON HIS WORD!

ALL RIGHT, MURDOCK! JUST LEAN YOURSELF FORWARD! THE DOOR IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU!
I'VE UNLATCHED IT, SO ONE LITTLE PUSH IS ALL IT WILL TAKE!
CAN'T ACT TOO EAGER! I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD!
LOOK-- I HAVE MONEY!! I CAN PAY YOU--!
I SAID LEAN FORWARD-- OR I'LL SHOOT!
THEN I'VE NOTHING MORE TO LOSE!
HE DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO BUTT HIM WITH MY HEAD!
NOW, IF HE'LL JUST FALL BACK AT THE RIGHT ANGLE--!
HH
NEXT, I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM FIRE HIS GUN--JUST ONCE!
YOU FOOL! YOU'RE ONLY PROLONGING YOUR FINAL FATE!
IT WORKED!
HE STUMBLED BACK AGAINST THE FORCE FIELD BUTTON--HE DE-ACTIVATED IT!
DISINTEGR
KZZZZZ
HIS FINGER IS TIGHTENING! HE'S ABOUT TO FIRE! IT'S NOW--OR NEVER!
BAM
MOVING WITH A SKILL AND PRECISION WHICH NO SIGHTED MAN COULD MATCH, MATT MURDOCK--AFTER PREDICTING THE TRAJECTORY OF THE MARAUDER'S BULLET --SPINS HIMSELF AROUND SO THAT THE ROPES WHICH BIND HIM ARE DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE FATEFUL SHELL, AND THEN...
FTH
NOW TO HURL MYSELF BACK-- AGAINST THE DOOR!
IT'LL SEEM AS THOUGH THE SHOT SENT ME REELING --!
I DID IT!! MY HANDS ARE FREE!
YOU MURDERER!! YOU KILLED HIM!!
SO FAR, EVERYTHING'S GONE WITHOUT A HITCH!!
THOUGH I HATE TO THINK HOW TOUGH THIS MUST BE FOR KAREN!
YOU FIEND!! YOU HEARTLESS, MERCILESS BEAST!!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE SHOWING SOME FIGHT, YOUNG LADY--!
IT WILL MAKE IT EASIER FOR ME TO DO WHAT I MUST!
KAREN!! HOLD ON! STAND AWAY FROM THAT DOOR!! KAREN--!!
IT'S NO USE! SHE CAN'T HEAR ME OVER THE ROAR OF THE SPINNING BLADES!
I CAN ONLY PRAY THAT I WON'T BE-- TOO LATE!
NEXT ISH—THE GREATEST GAMBLE OF ALL!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've been having SMASH for about a year, but last week I said was to be my last. And that was when I read you were going to join POW with SMASH. My curiosity made me hang on a week to find out what the new comic was like—well, it's great! I don't miss the stories that were dropped. As for putting Bad Penny on the back page, it was a marvellous idea. I have often wondered what Penny's jumper looked like in colour! The new features are great, especially Wiz War and the Cloak. I am glad you didn't get rid of the Nervs as they are my favourite feature, and Spider-man I also like.

Martin Carbonell,
Bracknell, Berks.

Well, that's one satisfied customer! And to judge from the letters we're receiving we've got many many more. Now all we've got to do is keep you happy!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Q. What's strong and swings from cake to cake?

A. Tarzipan.

S. Rattigan,
Manchester, Lancs.

Dear Alf and Cos,

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! In the very first edition of SMASH and POW you made a boob! It is in the POW short story, The Fabric of the Future. The bottom left hand picture on the second page. On the advertisement for Tiger Sauce you spelt with (wait for it) wiht!

Simon Anthony,
London, W.5.

Sorry, tiger, we're not going to accept responsibility for that one; if the mistake was on the ad., it was the fault of the people who printed the poster! Stands to reason—doesn't it?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Having lived in Nairobi for five years I was surprised to see it described as a "bustling port" in your Spider-man story in issue 137. As Nairobi is 306 miles from the sea and stands at an altitude of 5,400 feet it would have to be a marvellous ship to arrive at Nairobi.

Paul Hulse,
Bebington, Cheshire.

Oh - ah - um - well . . . an unusually high tide?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

One night, I was reading about stars, and pointed out a large one to my little brother. I said that it was bigger than our planet. "Is that so?" he said. "Then why doesn't it keep the rain off us?"

Maria Lydia Black,
London, S.W.17.

Help! We couldn't think of an answer to that one—and we bet you couldn't either, Maria!

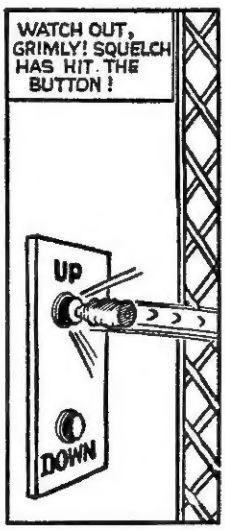
Alf and Cos.

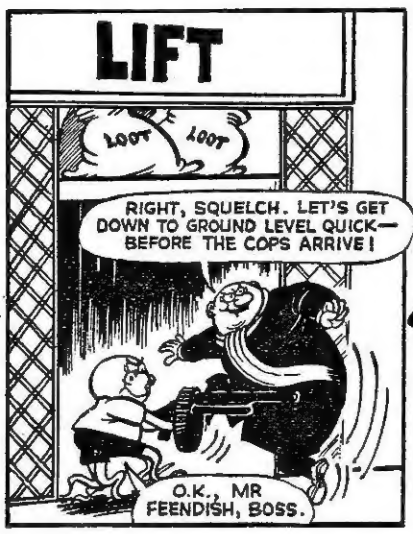
DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is .....

My second favourite feature is .....

Send the coupon with your letter to: Alf and Cos, SMASH and POW, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.





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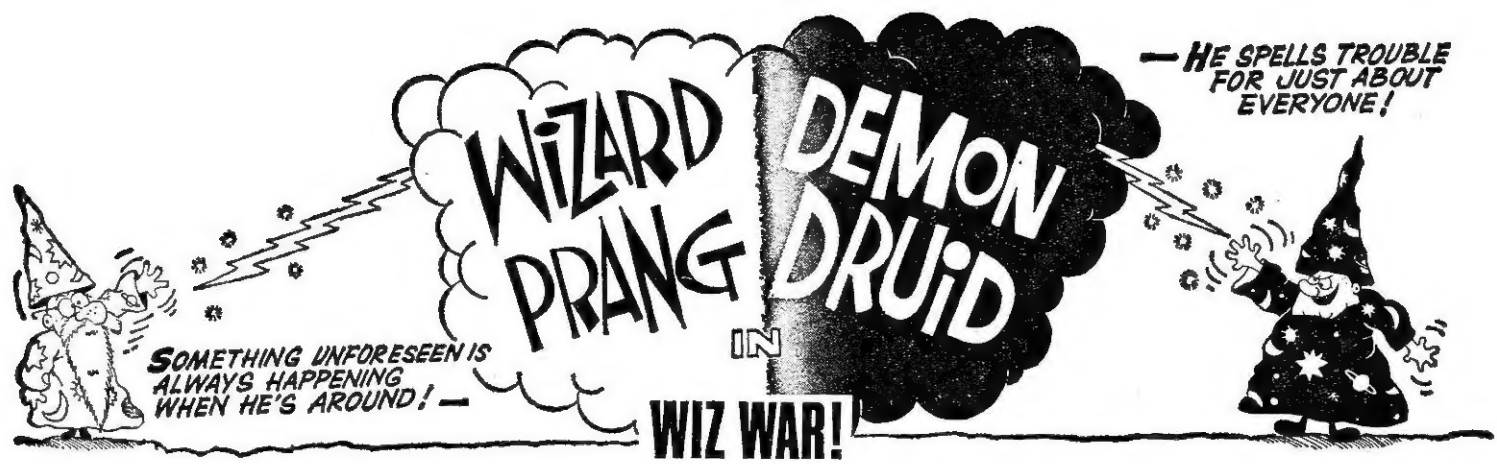
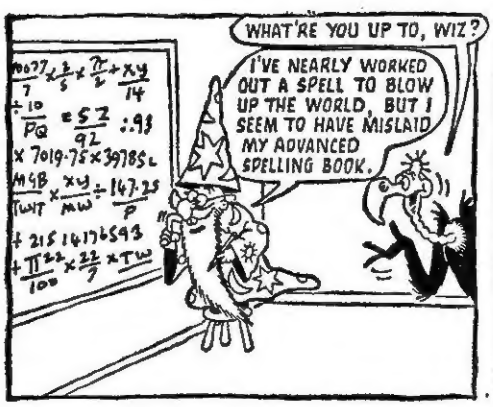
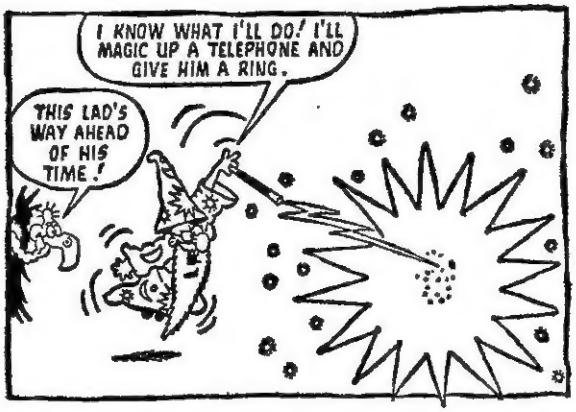

WIZARD PRANG
DEMON DRUID
IN
WIZ WAR!
SOMETHING UNFORESEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —
— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!

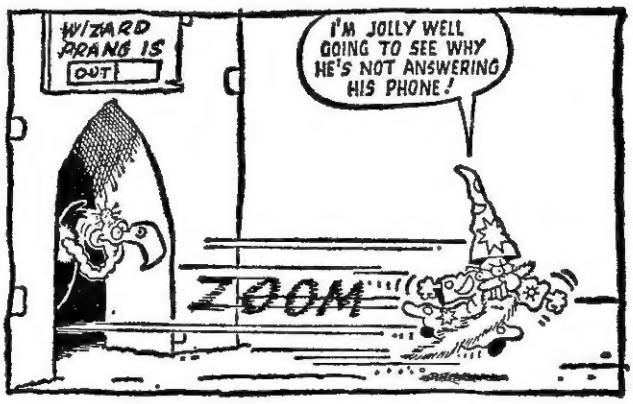

WHAT'RE YOU UP TO, WIZ?
I'VE NEARLY WORKED OUT A SPELL TO BLOW UP THE WORLD, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE MISLAID MY ADVANCED SPELLING BOOK.

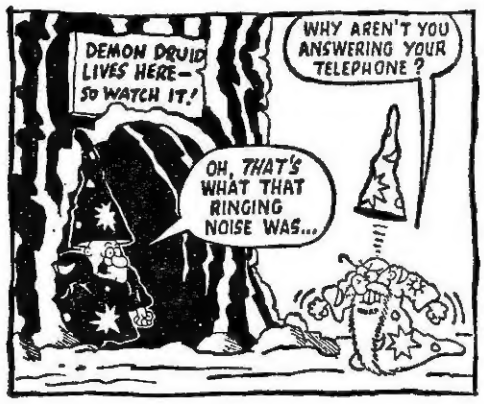
I WANT YOU TO FLY OVER TO DEMON DRUID'S PLACE TO SEE IF HE'S GOT ONE... HERE, TIE THIS NOTE TO YOUR LEG AND GET GOING!

I'D LIKE TO, WIZ, BUT I'VE GOT A POORLY WING.
BAH! NOTHING'S GOING RIGHT THIS AFTERNOON... I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO BLOW UP THE WORLD BY TEA-TIME IF I CAN'T GET HOLD OF DRUID'S BOOK!


I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL MAGIC UP A TELEPHONE AND GIVE HIM A RING.
THIS LAD'S WAY AHEAD OF HIS TIME!

THAT'S FUNNY... HE'S NOT ANSWERING, AND I'M CERTAIN HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO BE HOME!
BUZZ-BUZZ, BUZZ-BUZZ.


WIZARD PRANG IS OUT
I'M JOLLY WELL GOING TO SEE WHY HE'S NOT ANSWERING HIS PHONE!
ZOOM


DEMON DRUID LIVES HERE— SO WATCH IT!
WHY AREN'T YOU ANSWERING YOUR TELEPHONE?
OH, THAT'S WHAT THAT RINGING NOISE WAS...

... I LOOKED EVERYWHERE TO SEE WHAT WAS CAUSING IT. BUT AS TELEPHONES HAVEN'T BEEN INVENTED YET... I HAVEN'T GOT ONE!

DEMON DRUID LIVES HERE— SO WATCH IT!
WELL, YOU'VE GOT ONE NOW! SO STAND BY IT AND BE READY TO ANSWER WHEN I RING YOU AGAIN!
COO! ISN'T IT PRETTY!

WHIZZ

HELLO! DEMON DRUID SPEAKING... WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT TO KNOW IF I CAN BORROW YOUR ADVANCED SPELLING BOOK?

OH, WHAT A PITY! I LENT IT TO A FRIEND OF MINE JUST AFTER YOU MAGICKED UP THAT TELEPHONE AND LEFT!
BAH!

GRRRR! WHAT A WASTED AFTERNOON!
OH, I DON'T KNOW... AT LEAST THE WORLD DIDN'T GET BLOWN UP, DID IT, READERS?

Great ships of the 20th Century

AIRFIX BRINGS THEM TO LIFE! Famous fighting ships like H.M.S. Ajax and Ark Royal. Great modern liners like the Canberra—all brought to life in minute detail by Airfix!

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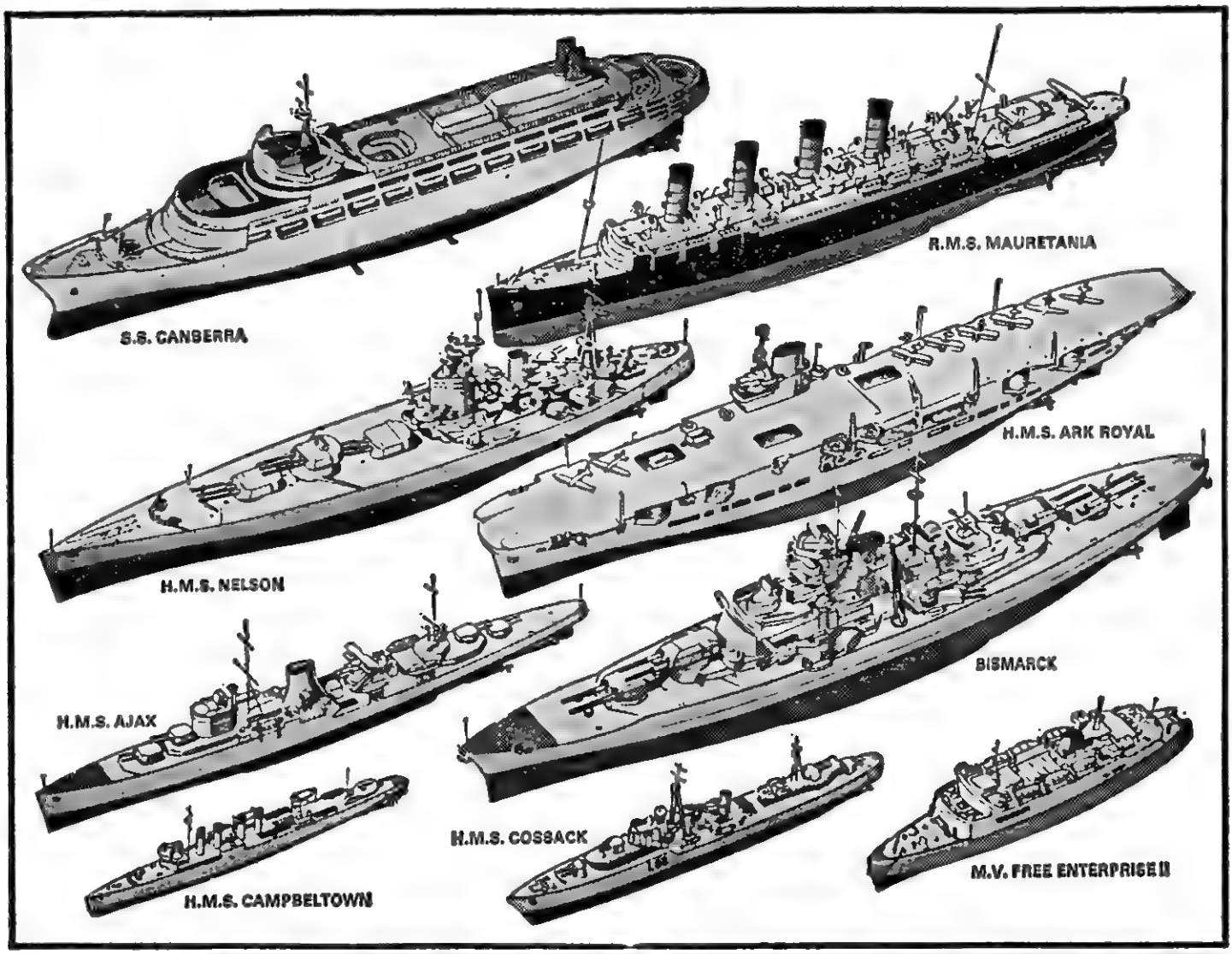

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JUST LIKE THE REAL THING!

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1/24th scale for maximum detail and the rocket missiles really fire. Great value at 5/-.

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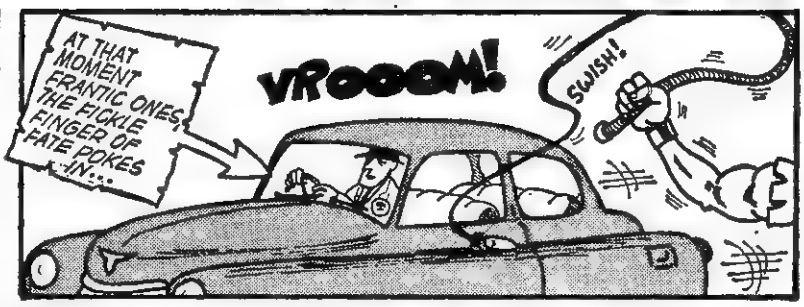
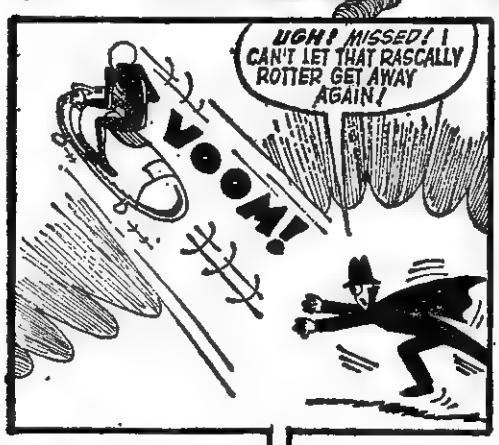
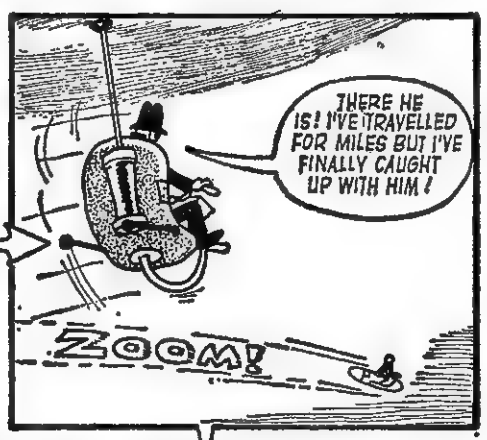
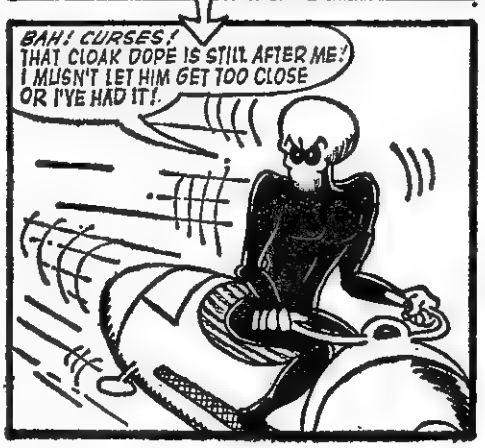
THE CLOAK MEETS DEATHSHEAD



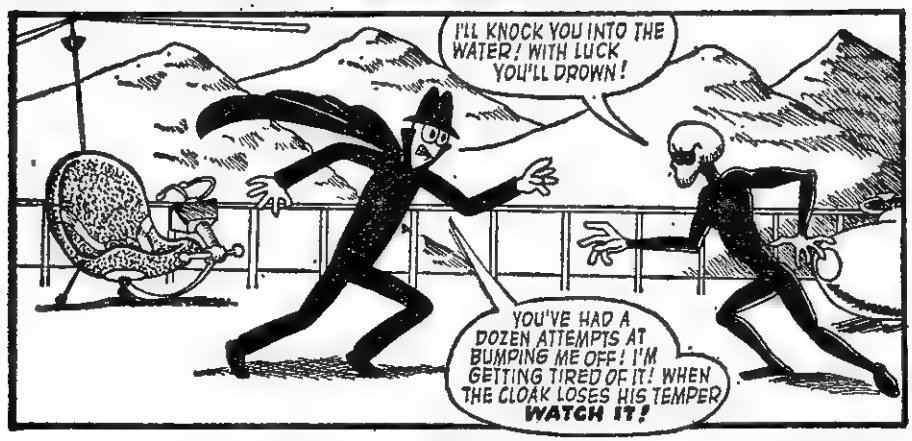






AFTER A LONG CHASE...
GOOD GRIEF! WE'VE REACHED WALES! THAT'S THE CORKALEEK DAM DOWN BELOW! HOW MUCH FURTHER HAVE I GOT TO CHASE HIM?
ZOOP!
ZOOM!

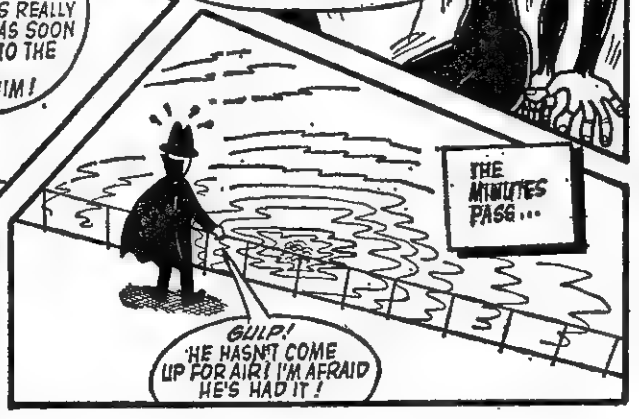
IT'S NOW OR NEVER! I'LL HAVE TO FORCE HIM DOWN ON TO THE DAM!
AWK! I'LL HAVE TO LAND OR HE'LL CRUSH ME!


I'LL KNOCK YOU INTO THE WATER! WITH LUCK YOU'LL DROWN!
YOU'VE HAD A DOZEN ATTEMPTS AT BUMPING ME OFF! I'M GETTING TIRED OF IT! WHEN THE CLOAK LOSES HIS TEMPER WATCH IT!

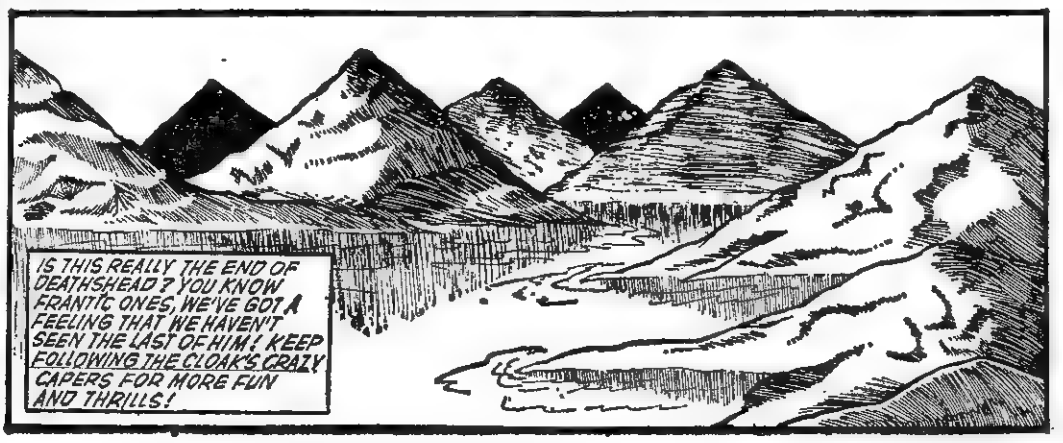
POW!
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU HAD A BASHING! PREFERABLY FOLLOWED BY A NICE BIG LONG JAIL SENTENCE!

AAAGH! I'M FALLING INTO THE WATER!

THE BIG DRIP IS REALLY ALL WET NOW! AS SOON AS HE COMES TO THE SURFACE I'LL ARREST HIM!
SPLASH!


THE MINUTES PASS...
GULP! HE HASN'T COME UP FOR AIR! I'M AFRAID HE'S HAD IT!

WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER VILLIAN VANQUISHED! HE'S HAD IT FOR GOOD!


IS THIS REALLY THE END OF DEATHSHEAD? YOU KNOW FRANTIC ONES, WE'VE GOT A FEELING THAT WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM! KEEP FOLLOWING THE CLOAK'S CRAZY CAPERS FOR MORE FUN AND THRILLS!

It's — SUPERMAN — and

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

SUPERMAN IS IN A BAD WAY! HIS SUPER-POWERS COME AND GO! DECEIVED BY A MOMENTARY SENSE OF WELL-BEING, SUPERMAN TRIES TO THWART A ROBBERY, BUT--!

CAN'T... STOP THEM!... HELPLESS AS A KITTEN AGAIN...

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.

GOT TO SWITCH TO CLARK KENT... GET BACK TO MY FLAT... CALL BATMAN...!

SOMEHOW... STRUGGLING BACK TO HIS FLAT...

PLEASE HURRY, OPERATOR... I'M AFRAID IT'S A MATTER OF... LIFE OR DEATH...

AS SUPERMAN TRIES TO CONTACT BATMAN--

MUST HAVE LEFT DOOR OPEN... SOMEBODY COMING...!

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LOIS LANE!?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, CLARK? AND WHY ARE YOU ACTING SO FUNNY??

WHILE IN THE FAR-OFF BATCAVE--

HELLO? WHO'S CALLING?? HELLO!!

WHO IS IT, BATMAN?

JUST A MOMENT, LOIS! I'M TRYING TO REACH B---ER-- I'M TRYING TO REACH A FRIEND...

HELLO--?

BRUCE? THIS IS CLARK KENT--

THAT'S FUNNY! WHY DOESN'T HE CALL YOU "BATMAN"?

PLASTINO Ellsworth

I--I MAY HAVE TO PAY SOME DOCTOR BILLS... SO I WONDER IF YOU COULD REPAY THAT LITTLE DEBT YOU OWE ME...?

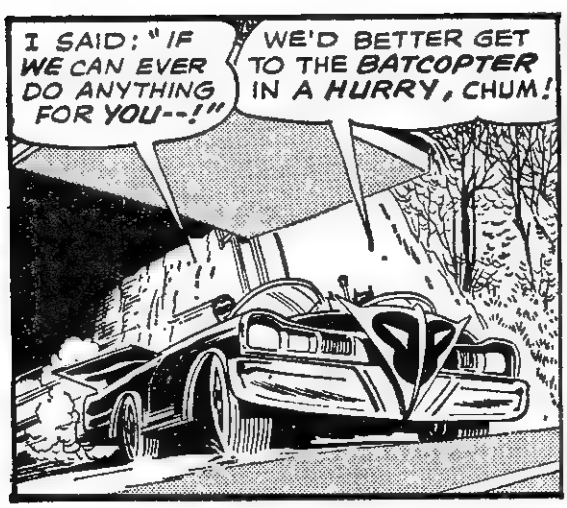
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY WITH SUPERMAN-- SO HE TALKED IN CODE!

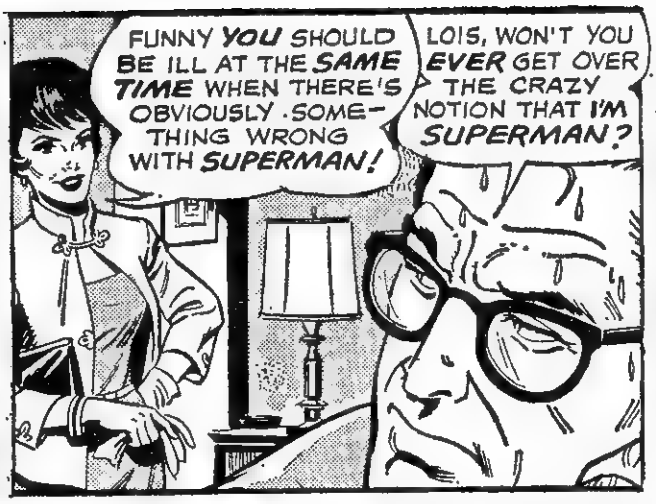
WHEN HE SAID "DOCTOR BILLS" HE MEANT HE WAS FEELING ILL AGAIN!

BOB KANE

RIGHT! AND ASKING US TO PAY OUR DEBT TO HIM--

--WAS A REFERENCE TO WHAT I SAID WHEN HE GOT US OUT OF A BIG JAM!

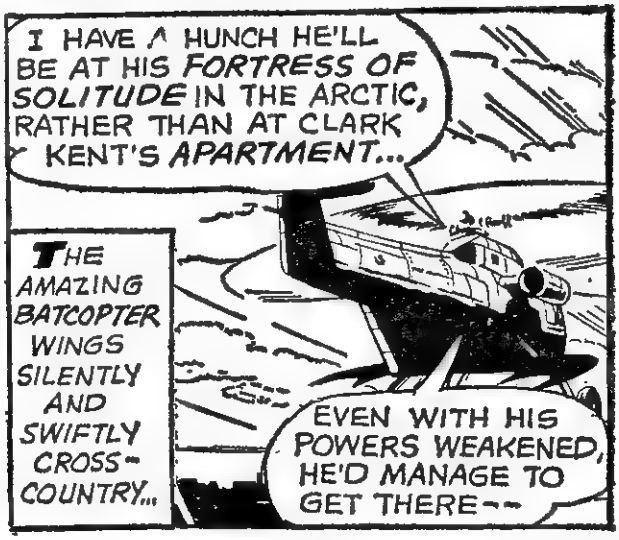

I SAID: "IF WE CAN EVER DO ANYTHING FOR YOU--!"
WE'D BETTER GET TO THE BATCOPTER IN A HURRY, CHUM!


FUNNY YOU SHOULD BE ILL AT THE SAME TIME WHEN THERE'S OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH SUPERMAN!
LOIS, WON'T YOU EVER GET OVER THE CRAZY NOTION THAT I'M SUPERMAN?

I MUST SAY YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE HIM NOW, POOR DEAR! YOU OUGHT TO BE IN BED!

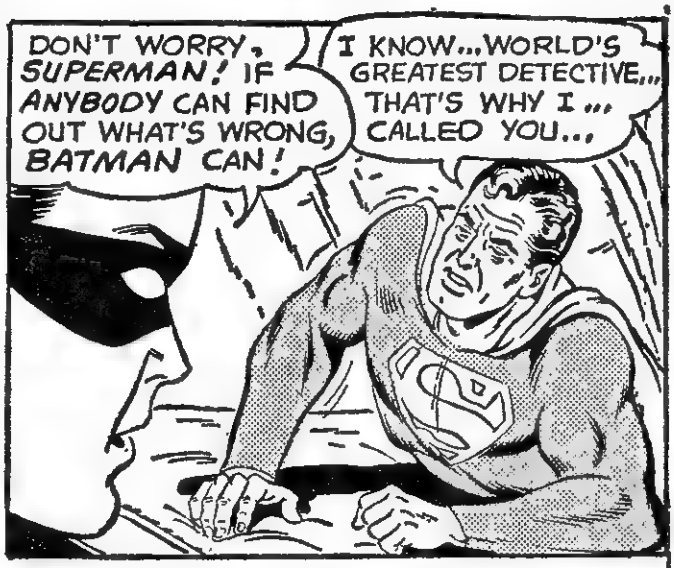
I'LL TELL PERRY YOU WON'T BE AT WORK FOR A FEW DAYS. MEANWHILE -- TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

WHEW! NOW... SOMEHOW... I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE BEFORE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARRIVE -- IF THEY ARRIVE!


I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL BE AT HIS FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE IN THE ARCTIC, RATHER THAN AT CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT...
THE AMAZING BATCOPTER WINGS SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY CROSS-COUNTRY...
EVEN WITH HIS POWERS WEAKENED, HE'D MANAGE TO GET THERE--

SOMETIME LATER, THE STRANGE AIRCRAFT LANDS IN THE REMOTE NORTHERN WILDERNESS...

GLAD... YOU'RE HERE!... USED MY... LAST BIT OF STRENGTH... TO GET HERE MYSELF...


DON'T WORRY, SUPERMAN! IF ANYBODY CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG, BATMAN CAN!
I KNOW... WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE... THAT'S WHY I... CALLED YOU...

ONE FACT SEEMS CERTAIN! THE ONLY THING THAT COULD DO THIS TO YOU IS EXPOSURE TO KRYPTONITE!

AND MEANWHILE, IN PROF. ZINKK'S LABORATORY...
SEVEN MILLION... EIGHT MILLION... NINE MILLION...
YOUR CUT OF THE LOOT FOR KEEPING SUPERMAN OFF OUR NECKS... SO FAR--

--BUT REMEMBER-- OUR DEAL SAYS YOU GOTTA FINISH HIM!
DON'T PUSH ME! KILLING SUPERMAN TAKES A LITTLE TIME!
BATINUED IN NEXT WEEK'S SUPERISH!

The NERVS

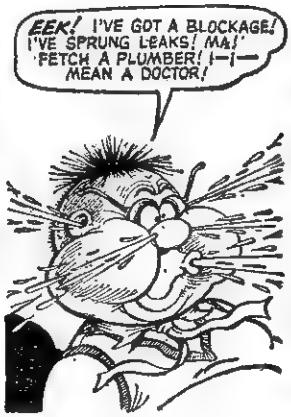
BOY-O-BOY! I LOVE POP!! GLUGGLE!
SLUR-R-RP! HIC! -GULP!-GULP!- -BUR-R-RP!
RUMBLE

IN FATTY'S TUMULTUOUS TUM—
FOOD TUBE
RUMBLE-GURGLE
HA-HAR-R! THE FAT ONE BE HAVIN' A DRINK NOW, OI'LL BE ABLE TO GET MOI PLANT WATERED— AR-R-R-!

AR-R-RGH-H! THE BIG DO-DO! WHOY BAIN'T 'E ABLE TO SIP 'IS DRINKS INSTEAD O' GUZZLIN' GURT, GLUGSOME GOLLUPS?
GULCH

GURR-R! OI'LL FIX THE ROTTEN FAT TWOT! 'E WON'T DO THAT ON ME AGAIN AR-R-R!
GNASH! SNARL! GURGLE!

AND SO—
I'LL SEE IF I CAN BEAT MY RECORD! I GUZZLED THAT LAST ONE IN NINE GULPS, AN' A GURGLE! NOW TO KNOCK THIS ONE BACK IN ONE, UN-INTERRUPTED, SLURP!


EEK! I'VE GOT A BLOCKAGE! I'VE SPRUNG LEAKS! MA! FETCH A PLUMBER! I—I— MEAN A DOCTOR!

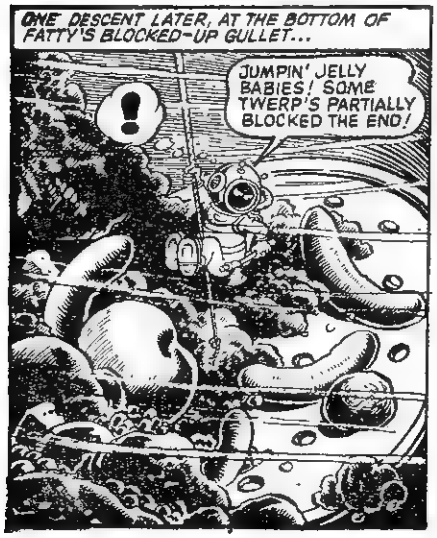
AND HERE'S THE REASON—
HEH! HEH! THAT'S FIXED 'IM! NO MORE DRENCHINGS FOR ME.
YEAH! BUT HOW'S HE GONNA GET BANGERS AND BEEF THROUGH THEM LITTLE TWITCH HOLES?

LATER, AT LUNCH TIME...
GLOLK
HUH! HERE COMES THE USUAL AVALANCHE OF GRUB!

SUFFERIN' SAUSAGES! THE GRUB AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY! IT'S BUILDIN' UP INSIDE THE THROAT-SHAFT!
!
PLOP

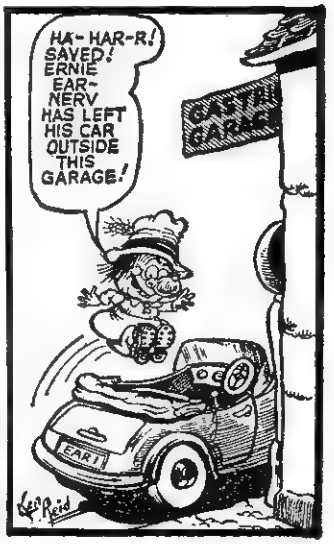
'S FUNNY! I'M FULL UP, AND YET MY TUM'S AS HOLLOW AS A DRUM! AND I'M STILL HUNGRY!
HOLLOW! BOYING
THUMP THUMP
DONG

WHILE IN THE THROAT-SHAFT
BETTER FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG DOWN THERE! IF THAT LOT GOES ROTTEN OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH LIVING!
RIGHT!

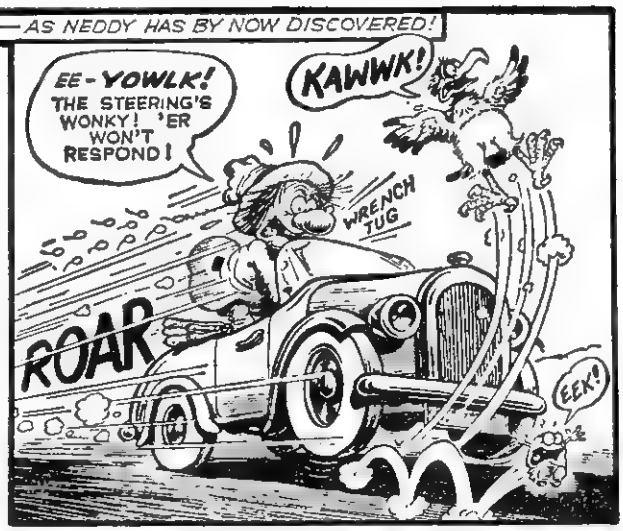

ONE DESCENT LATER, AT THE BOTTOM OF FATTY'S BLOCKED-UP GULLET...
!
JUMPIN' JELLY BABIES! SOME TWERP'S PARTIALLY BLOCKED THE END!

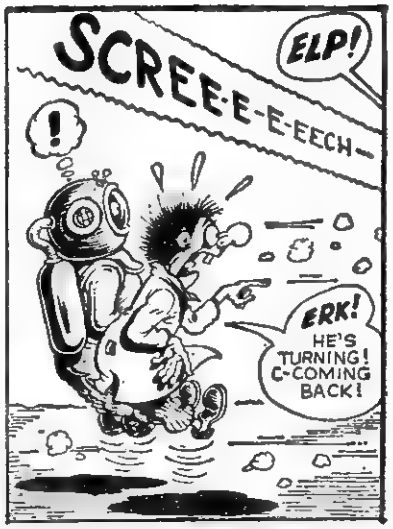
CRASH
GRAH-H! WHERE'S THE NAUGHTY NERV WHO DID THIS?
EEK! IT WASN'T ME! IT WAS HIM!
RIGHT! I'LL DEAL WITH TITCH FIRST!

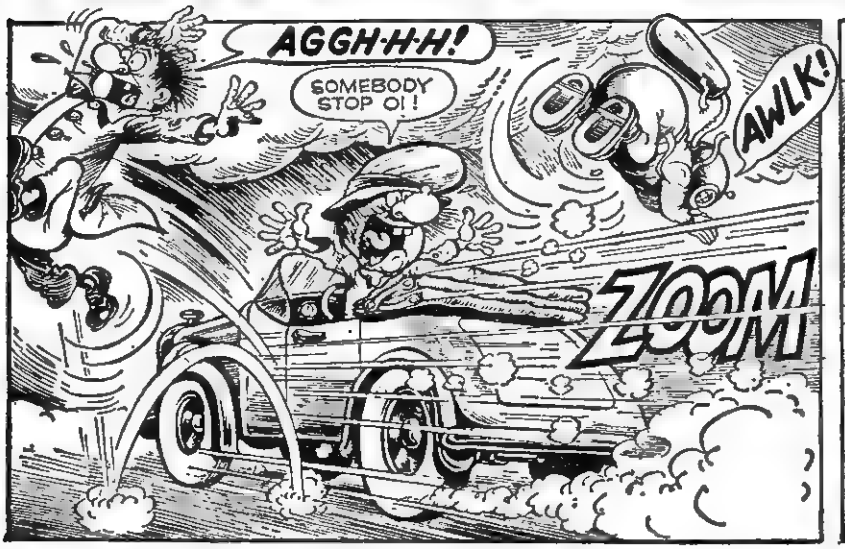
GUR! SNARL! GNASH!
NO! NO! MERCY! OI ONLY WANTED TO WATER MOI PLANT!
EXTERMINATE!
TUM DEPT.
CLUMP
CLUMP


HA-HAR-R! SAVED! ERNIE EAR-NERV HAS LEFT HIS CAR OUTSIDE THIS GARAGE!
GASTRIC GARAGE
FART
Lee Reid

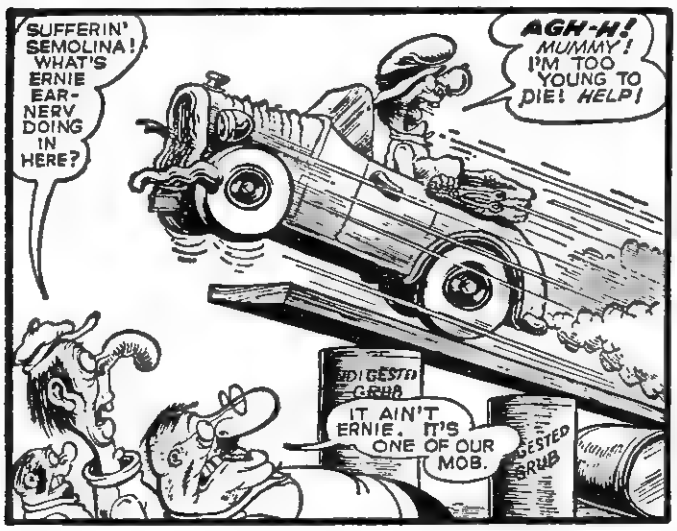
HA-HAR-R-R! HO-HO! THAT DOIVER BAINT ABLE TO CATCH OI, NOW!
ERK! STOP! I LEFT IT THERE TO HAVE THE STEERING FIXED!
GASTR GARA
BANG
BR-R-
WHEE-EE-E-E-E
SKID


—AS NEDDY HAS BY NOW DISCOVERED!
EE-YOWLK! THE STEERING'S WONKY! 'ER WON'T RESPOND!
KAWWK!
WRENCH TUG
ROAR
EEK!

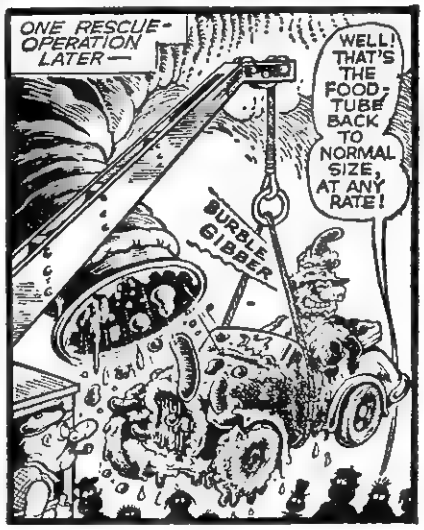

SCREE-E-E-EECH—
ELP!
!
ERK! HE'S TURNING! C-COMING BACK!


AGGH-H-H!
SOMEBODY STOP OI!
AWLK!
ZOOM

ONE MAD WHOOSH LATER—BACK IN THE TUM DEPT.—
COR! SOMEBODY'S TAKEN A SHORT CUT!
CRASH
'ELP! 'ELP! 'ELP!— AGH-H!
UNDIGESTED GRUB
UNCHEWED NOSH, FOR PULPING
UNDIGESTED GRUB


SUFFERIN' SEMOLINA! WHAT'S ERNIE EARNERV DOING IN HERE?
AGH-H! MUMMY! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! HELP!
UNDIGESTED GRUB
IT AIN'T ERNIE. IT'S ONE OF OUR MOB.
UNDIGESTED GRUB

—SAVE ME—!! EE-YOW-WLK—!
CRUNCH
FOOD TUBE
SPLUDGE
WHIR-R
BANG


ONE RESCUE-OPERATION LATER—
WELL! THAT'S THE FOOD-TUBE BACK TO NORMAL SIZE, AT ANY RATE!
BURBLE GIBBER

AND A FEW MINUTES AFTERWARDS, AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD-TUBE—
THAT'S FUNNY! THE THROAT-SHAFT'S CLEAR NOW, BUT FATTY ISN'T EATING!
?
H'M! I WONDER WHY. IT'S NOT LIKE THAT GLUTTON AT ALL!
CLEAN AS A WHISTLE

AND HERE'S THE EXPLANATION, SMASHERS.
EEK! ERK! OO! GOSH!
HUH! NO MORE GRUB FOR YOU, M'LAD! THE BLINKING STUFF'S COMING OUT OF YOUR EARS!
PT'CHWEE-EE

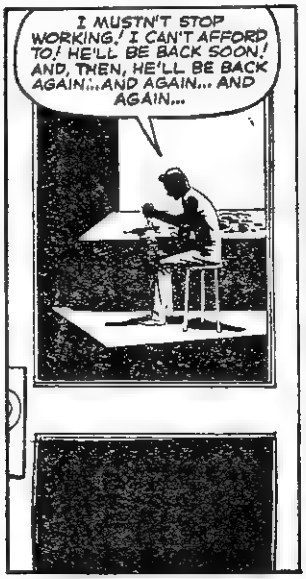
BUT THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR THIS, FOLKS— IN FATTY'S EAR-HOLE.
BAH! WHAT A MESS! MY LOVELY CAR COVERED IN GOOEY GRUB!
EXIT
ZIP
WAX

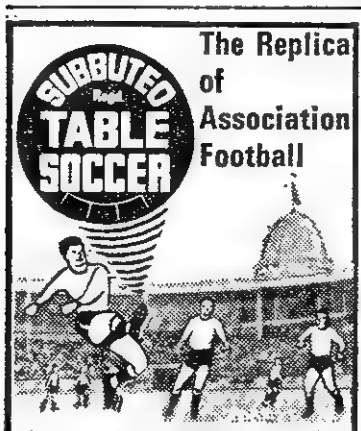
THE SHOEMAKER'S STRANGE ASSISTANTS!

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY

THE OLD MAN LOVED TELLING STORIES TO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD KIDS — BUT WAS THERE ANY TRUTH IN THEM? HARRY HOOK FOUND OUT — ***THE HARD WAY!***

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1962





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Here is a game where victory or defeat depends upon the skill of the player with fingertip control. COMPLETE with goals, balls etc. and teams available in all League Club colours. Played with 22 miniature men. All the thrills of real League Cup and International Football: dribbling, corner and penalty kicks, offside, goal saves, etc.

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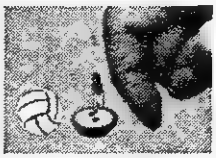
NEW SUBBUTEO CONTINENTAL



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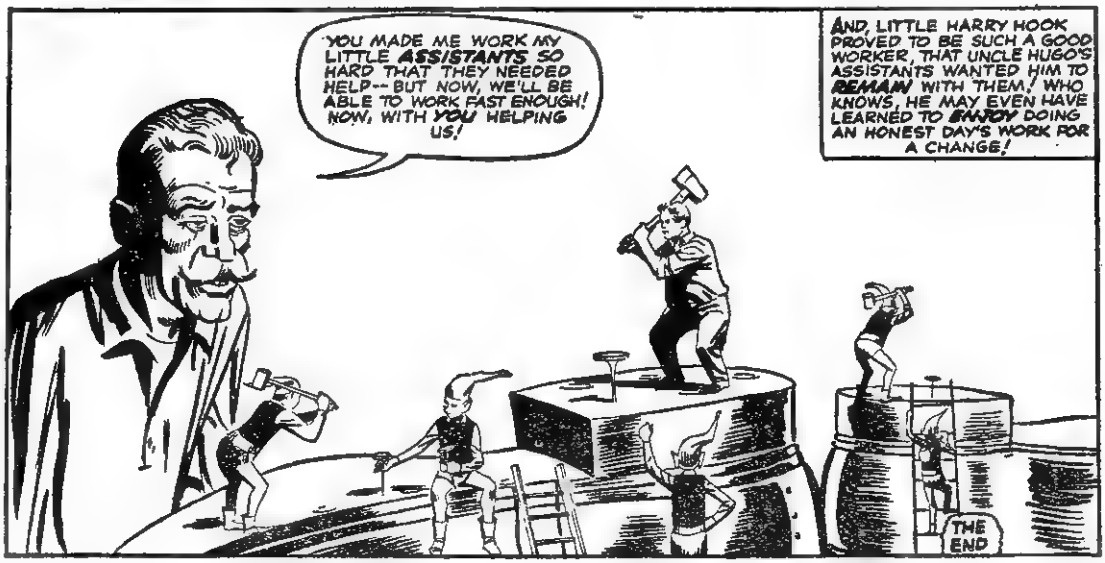
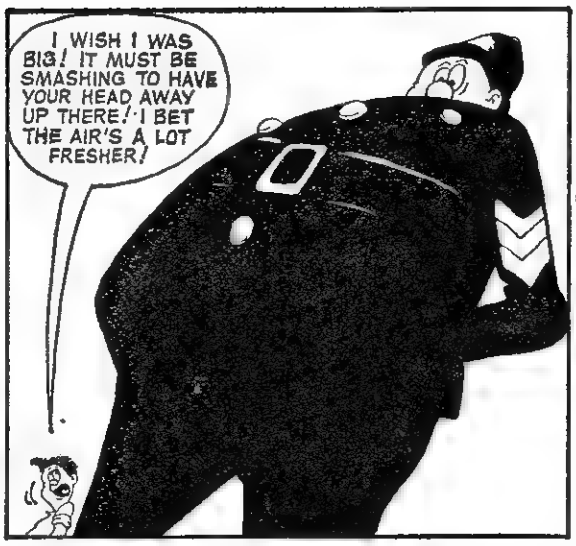
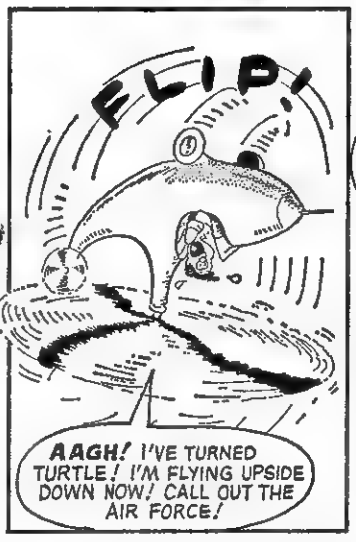
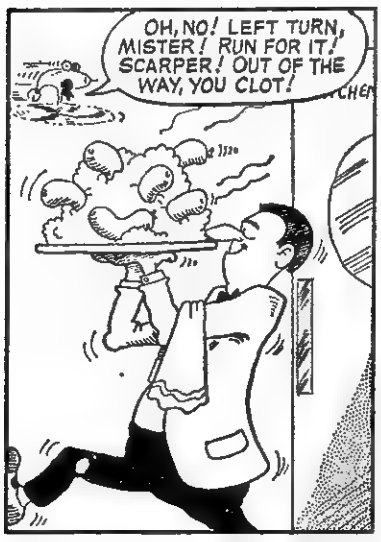
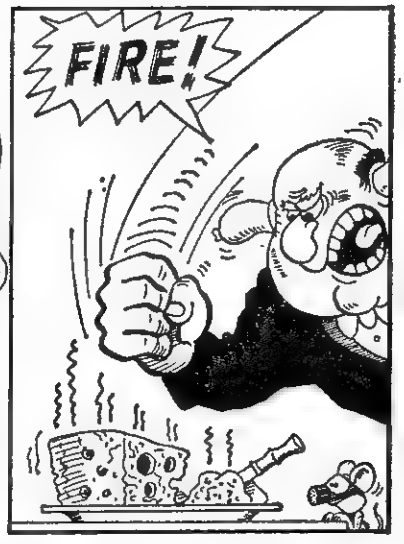


SAMMY SHRINK

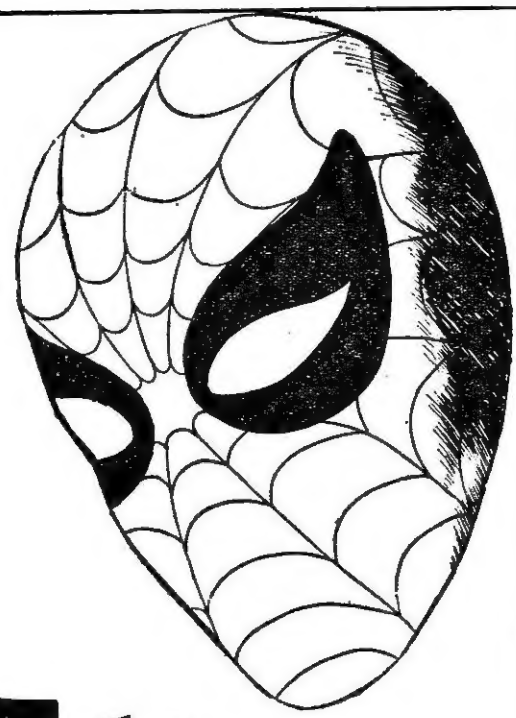


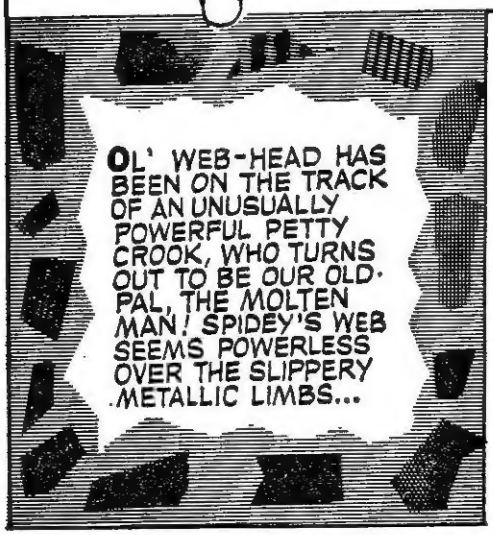




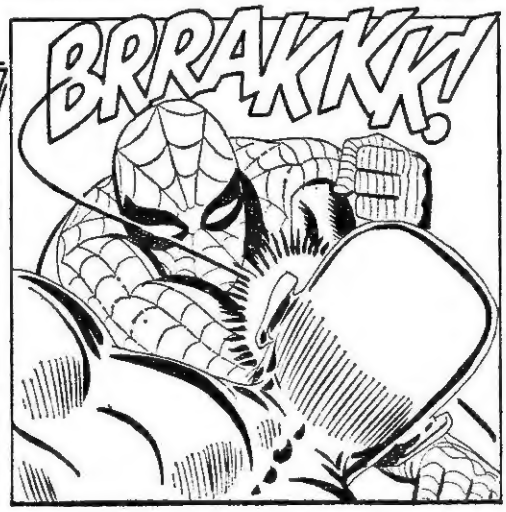


THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN IN "THE MOLTEN MAN REGRETS!"

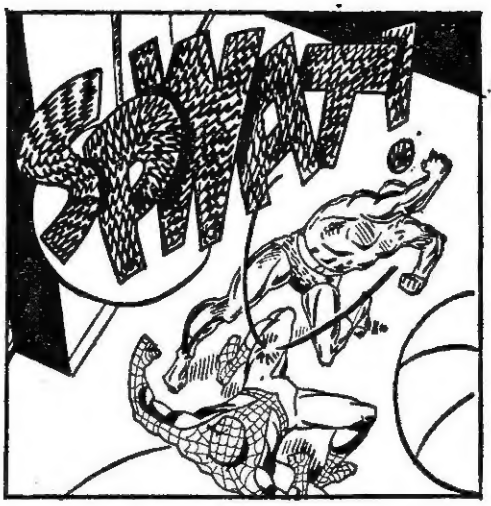


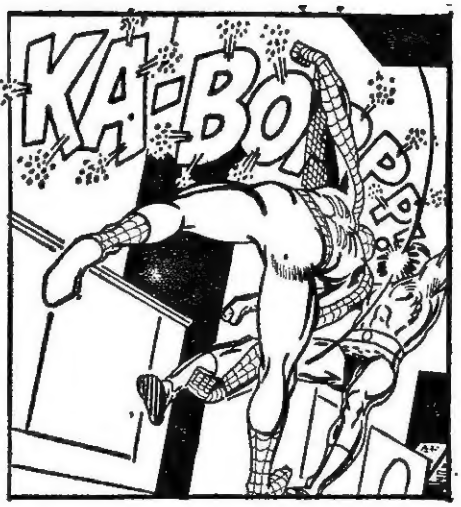


Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966



WOK!


SMAT!


KA-BO

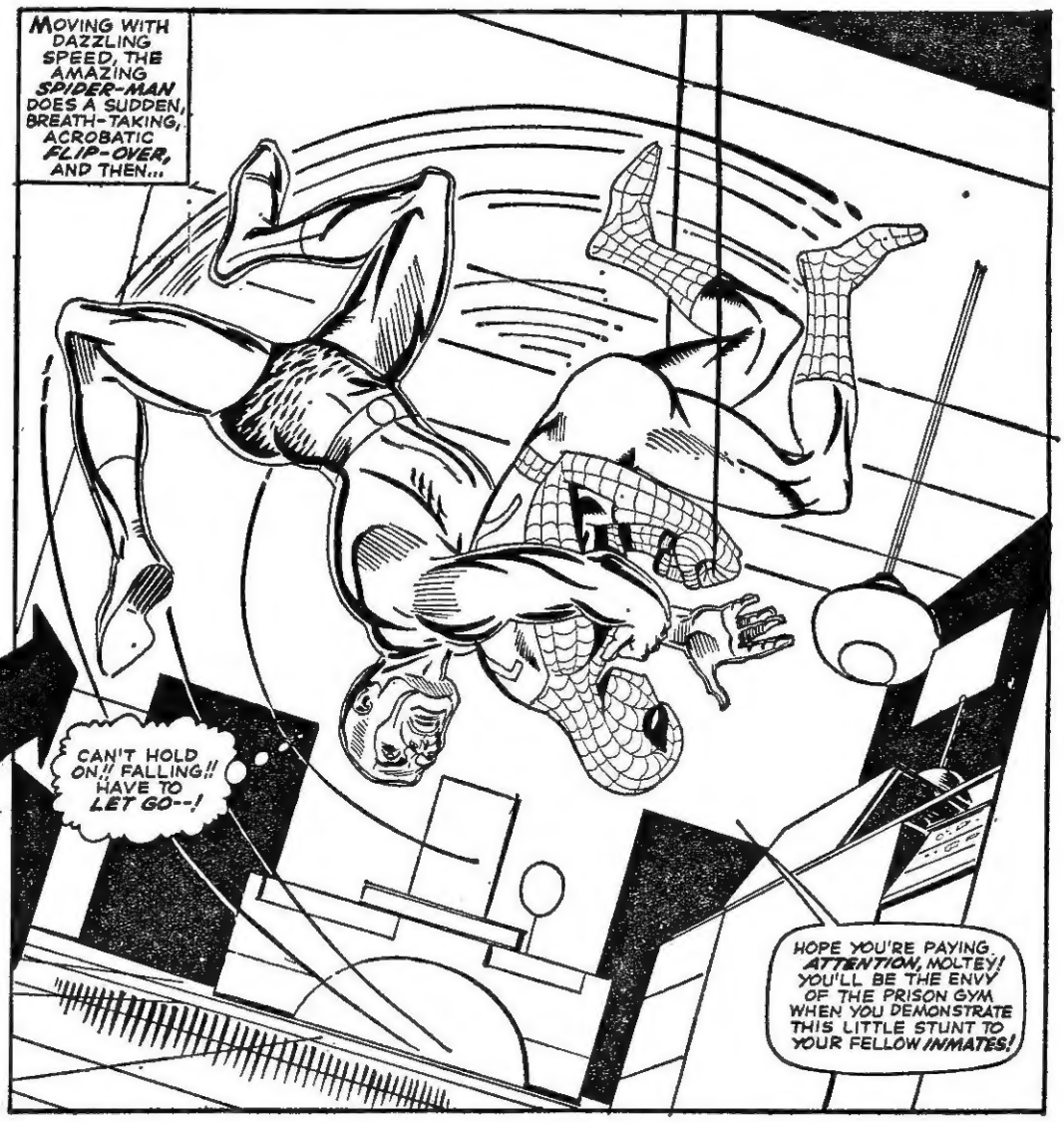
RAKKK!

HAH! I PROVED I COULD TAKE THE BEST YOU CAN DISH OUT!
AND NOW, FROM HERE ON IN, I'M GONNA BE CALLING THE TUNE--HEAR??

FIRST, USING THE METALLIC POWER OF MY MOLTEN BODY, I'LL CRUSH ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU WITH AN UNBREAKABLE BEAR HUG!
YOU'RE JUST WHISTLING IN THE DARK, MOLTEY--
YOU CAN'T BEAT ME THAT WAY!

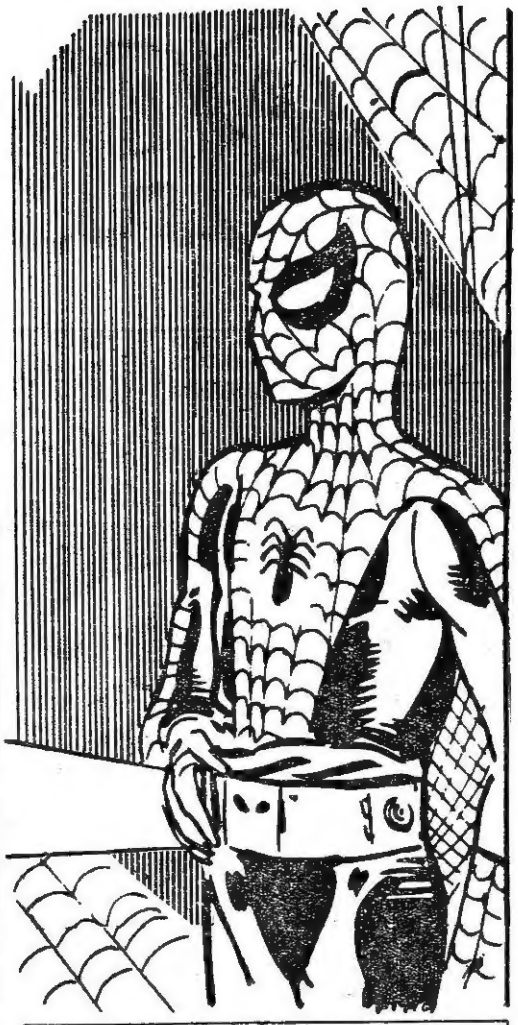
NO BEAR HUG CAN STOP MY WEBBING FROM ZIPPIN' UP TO THE CEILING, AND STICKING THERE!
WHAT GOOD'LL THAT DO YOU?

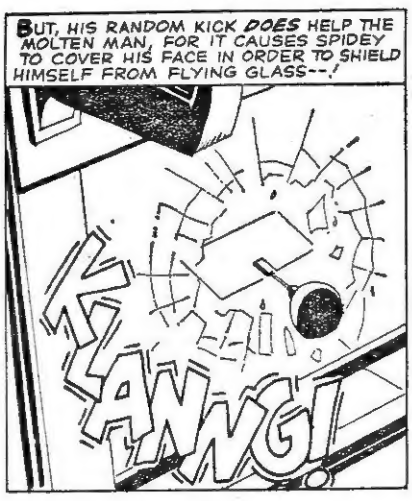
I WAS HOPING YOU'D ASK!
YOU'RE BLUFFING!
THINK SO? JUST WATCH--!


MOVING WITH DAZZLING SPEED, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN DOES A SUDDEN, BREATH-TAKING, ACROBATIC FLIP-OVER, AND THEN...
CAN'T HOLD ON!! FALLING!! HAVE TO LET GO--!
HOPE YOU'RE PAYING ATTENTION, MOLTEY! YOU'LL BE THE ENVY OF THE PRISON GYM WHEN YOU DEMONSTRATE THIS LITTLE STUNT TO YOUR FELLOW INMATES!

AND NOW, JUST HOLD THAT POSE, MISTER!

BOY! YOU'LL TRY ANYTHING WHEN YOU'RE DESPERATE, HUH?
BUT A FEW WILD KICKS AREN'T GONNA STOP ME NOW, YOU GOLDEN GOON!




BUT, HIS RANDOM KICK DOES HELP THE MOLTEN MAN, FOR IT CAUSES SPIDEY TO COVER HIS FACE IN ORDER TO SHIELD HIMSELF FROM FLYING GLASS--!
KLANG!

AND, IN THAT BRIEF INTERVAL, THE METALLIC MENACE MANAGES TO GAIN THE INITIATIVE AGAIN--ALBEIT TEMPORARILY!
GET BACK! BACK!
WHEW! YOU'VE GOT A CONVINCING WAY OF ASKING A FELLA, MOLTEY!
THOOM

JUST WHAT I NEEDED-- A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
THAT SHATTERED WINDOW IS SURE TO BRING THE POLICE! I'VE GOT TO VANISH BEFORE THEY ARRIVE!
WITHOUT NABBING ME, NO ONE CAN PROVE I WAS INVOLVED IN THESE ATTEMPTED ROBBERIES!

HE'S GONE AGAIN!
BUT THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!

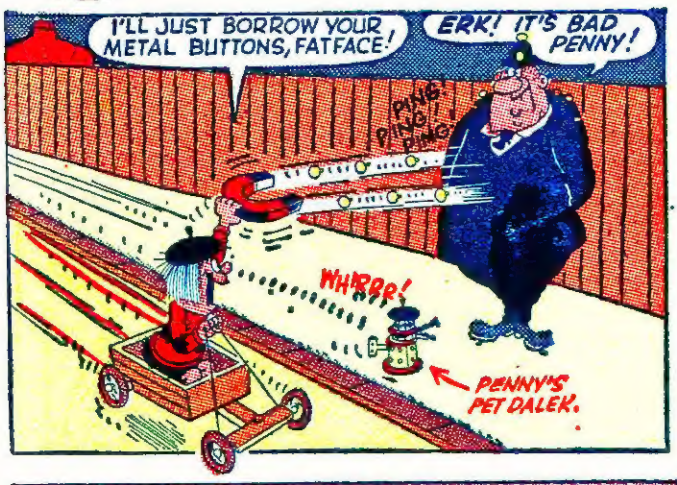
NOT WHILE I KNOW WHERE HE'S SURE TO BE HEADING!
I'LL JUST GET THERE VIA THE SKYWAY--- THERE'S LESS TRAFFIC UP HERE.

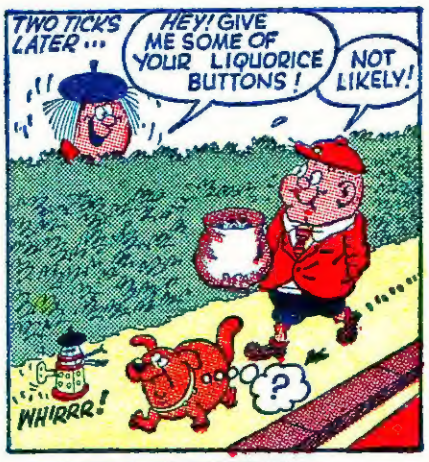
AND, AS FOR THE MOLTEN MAN...
MADE IT! AND I DIDN'T SEE THAT BLASTED WEB-SPINNER FOLLOWING ME-- SO I'M SAFE AGAIN!
NOW I'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO STRIKE BACK AT HIM--WHEN HE LEASTS EXPECTS IT!

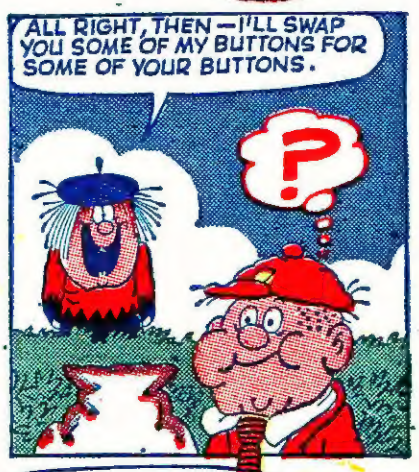
YOU'D BETTER FIGURE FAST, CHUM-- BECAUSE I DON'T INTEND TO HANG AROUND HERE WAITING FOR YOU MUCH LONGER!
YOU! NO! IT--IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
IT ISN'T? THIS IS A FINE TIME TO TELL ME!
AND NOW, LET'S SEE --WHERE DID WE LEAVE OFF--??
BE HERE FOR THE PSYCHE-SHATTERING SHOWDOWN, TIGERS—NEXT WEEK!

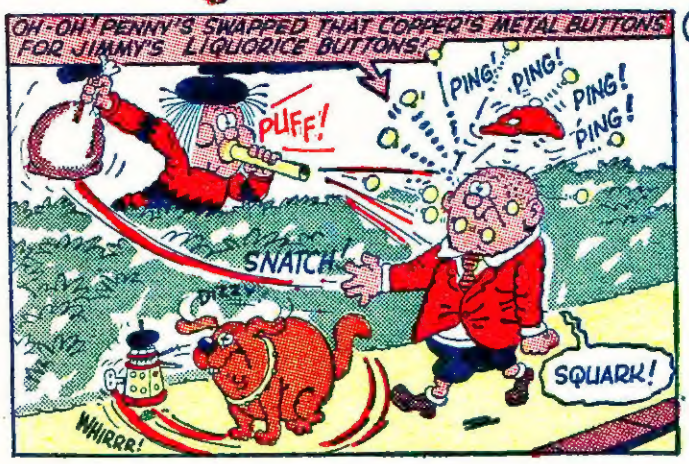
BAD PENNY

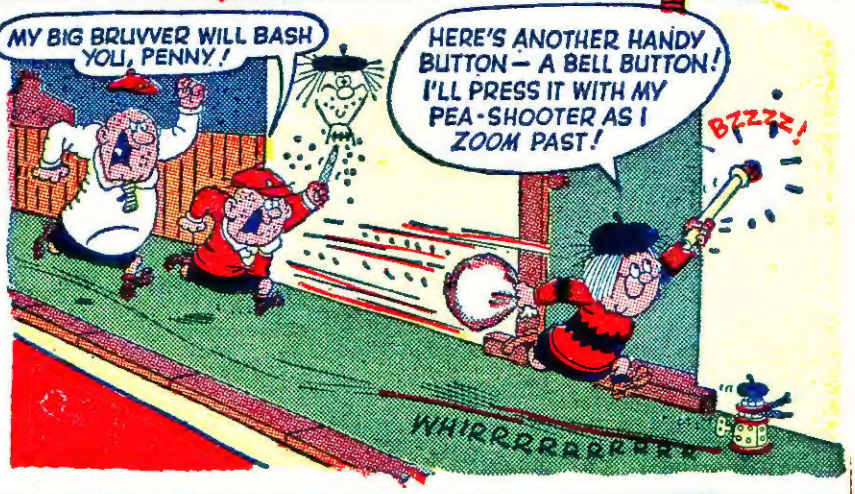
1968

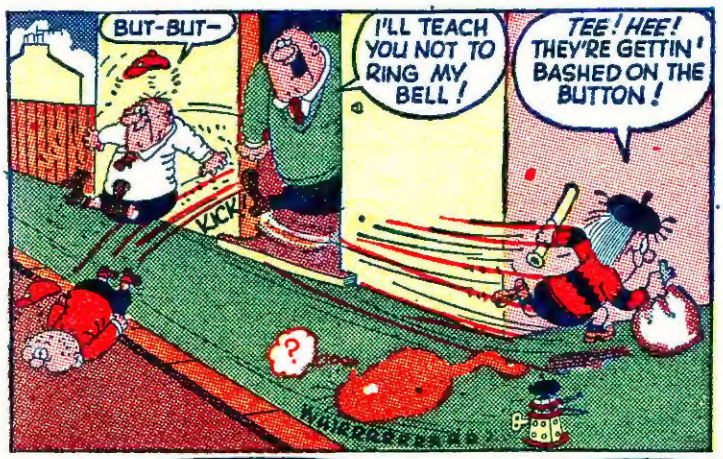

I'LL JUST BORROW YOUR METAL BUTTONS, FATFACE!
ERK! IT'S BAD PENNY!
PING! PING! PING!
WHIRRR!
PENNY'S PET DALEK.

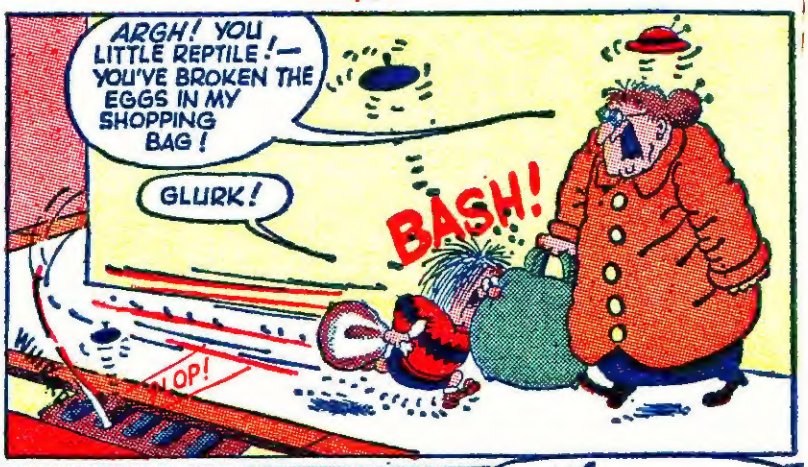

TWO TICKS LATER...
HEY! GIVE ME SOME OF YOUR LIQUORICE BUTTONS!
NOT LIKELY!
?
WHIRRR!

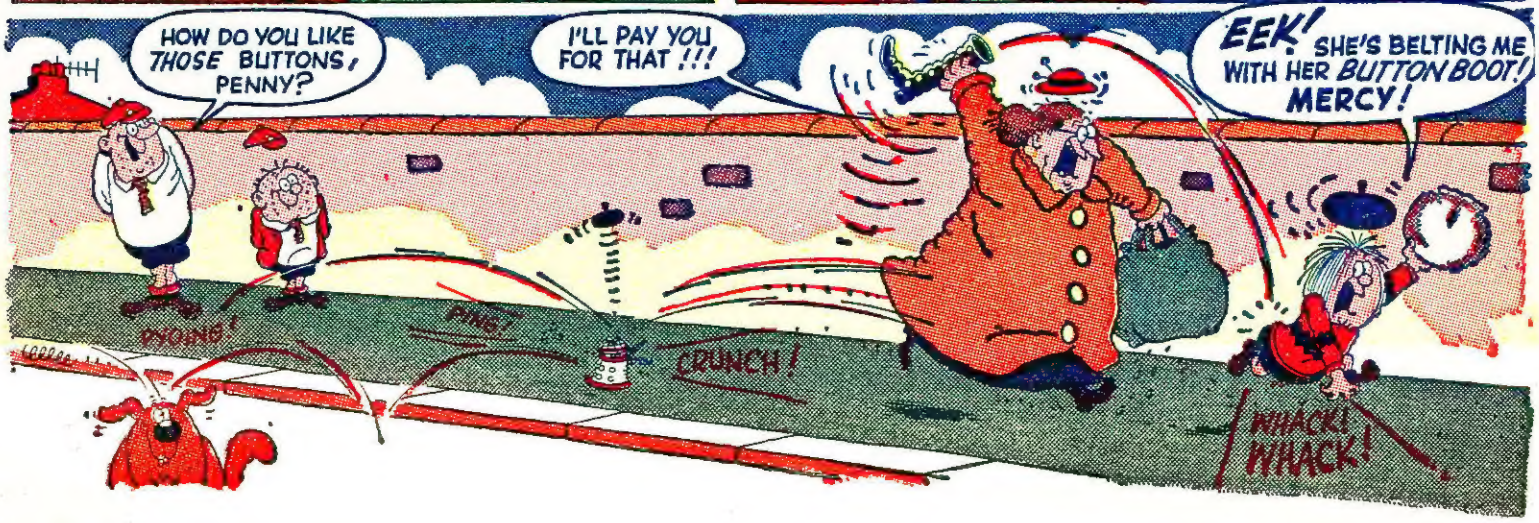

ALL RIGHT, THEN — I'LL SWAP YOU SOME OF MY BUTTONS FOR SOME OF YOUR BUTTONS.
?


OH-OH! PENNY'S SWAPPED THAT COPPER'S METAL BUTTONS FOR JIMMY'S LIQUORICE BUTTONS!
PUFF!
PING! PING! PING! PING!
SNATCH!
DIZZY
SQUARK!
WHIRRR!


MY BIG BRUVVER WILL BASH YOU, PENNY!
HERE'S ANOTHER HANDY BUTTON — A BELL BUTTON! I'LL PRESS IT WITH MY PEA-SHOOTER AS I ZOOM PAST!
BZZZZ!
WHIRRRRRRRRRR


BUT-BUT—
I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO RING MY BELL!
TEE! HEE! THEY'RE GETTIN' BASHED ON THE BUTTON!
KICK
?
WHIRRRRRRRRR


ARGH! YOU LITTLE REPTILE! — YOU'VE BROKEN THE EGGS IN MY SHOPPING BAG!
GLURK!
BASH!
WHIRR
PLOP!


HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE BUTTONS, PENNY?
I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT!!!
EEK! SHE'S BELTING ME WITH HER BUTTON BOOT! MERCY!
PYOING!
PING!
CRUNCH!
WHACK! WHACK!